TIM. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss On faint deeds, hollow welcomes, Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown s But where there is true friendship, there needs none*
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit,*

1 *LORD.* My lord, we always have confessed it.

APEM. Ho, ho, confessed it ? hang'd it, have you not[2] ?

TIM. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

APEM. No[5]
You shall not make me welcome : I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIM. Fye, thou art a churlj you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:----------
They say, my lords[3], *ir a furor brevis est,* But yond' man's ever angry[4]. Go, let him have a table by himself; For he does neither affect company, Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

APEM. Let me stay at thine apperil[5], Timonj

2 —confessed it? hang'd it, have you not ?] There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time: " Confess and be hang'd." See Othello, Act IV. Sc. L, vol. ix. p. 414. MALONE.

3 They say, my lords, THAT—] *That* was inserted by Sir T* Hanmer, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

4 But yond' man's EVER angry.] The old copy has—very angry ; which can hardly be right. The emendation now adopted ' was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—But yon man's *very anger ;* i. e. anger itself, which always maintains its violence. STEEVENS.

I see no difficulty in the old reading. Since yond' man is very angry, which is a humour which does not become a man* let him! iiave a table by himself, as he is not fit company for others. BOSWELL.

5—at thine OWN PERIL,] The old copy reads—at thine op-